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SCHUMANN ON STRINGED QUARTETS (1838).¹

FIRST QUARTET MORNING.

Quartets by J. Verhulst, L. Spohr, and L. Fuchs.

"We have had the Schuppanzigh, we have the David quartet, why should we not also have"—thought I to myself, and then conjured up a four-leaved clover. Then, addressing these, said I, "It is not long since Haydn, Mozart, and another lived and wrote quartets; have such fathers left unworthy descendants behind, who have learned nothing from them? May we not investigate, and somewhere perhaps discover a new genius in the bud, and needing only the touch of encouragement to bloom? In a few words, respected friends, the instruments are ready, and there are many novelties, some of which we may play in our first *matinée*." And, like experienced musicians, without much ado they were soon seated at their desks. I shall gladly give a report of such works as occupied our morning, if not in critical lapidary style, at least in the easy manner suitable, yet firmly holding to first impressions, such as they made on me and on the players; for I rate the impulsively outspoken execration of musicians higher than whole systems of aesthetics.

Nothing ought to be said of the quartet by Verhulst, as it was yet warm from the workshop, still in manuscript, and its composer's first quartet. But as the future will certainly offer us many delightful things by this young artist, as his name is certain to reach final publicity, he may be introduced as a musician of fame, whose Dutch nationality makes him doubly interesting. We have lately seen young talent of all sorts of nationalities arising among us: Glinka of Russia, Chopin of Poland, Bennett of England, Berlioz of France, Liszt of Hungary, Hansens of Belgium; in Italy every spring brings forth some, whom the winter destroys; finally, we have one from Holland, a country that has already given us many good painters.

The quartet of our Hollander betrays nothing of the phlegm with which his countrymen are reproached, but, on the contrary, a lively musical disposition, that has certainly found some trouble in restraining itself within the bounds of so difficult a musical form. It was promising to find that precisely that movement in which the existence of genuine music best expresses itself—I mean the *adagio*—was the most successful of the quartet. On such a path the young artist will attain strength and facility; an instinct of order

and correctness secures him from great errors, and it need only be his care to attain more fulness, elevation, and refinement of thought, though this is certainly more the affair of intellect than of will.

Our quartettists then played a new one (Opus 97) by Spohr, in which the well-known master greeted us from the very first measure.

We soon perceived that a brilliant display of the first violin was more the object here than an artistic interweaving of the four parts. Nothing can be said against this manner of quartet writing, which makes great demands on a composer, when it is done openly and naturally. Forms, changes, modulations, melodic entrances, all were in the well-known Spohr manner, and it seemed as if the quartettists were discoursing in the work of a very well-known subject. A scherzo—not exactly this master's strong point—is wanting, but the whole possesses a contemplative didactic character. In the rondo we are attracted by a very pretty theme, which, however, needs a second more marked one as a pendant. The following remark was suggested to me by a complaint of one of the quartet players. Young artists, who always desire something novel, and, if possible, eccentric, esteem too lightly the easily-conceived and perfected works of finished masters, and are greatly mistaken in supposing that they could accomplish the same thing equally well. The difference between master and scholar can never be overcome. The hastily thrown off pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven, and still more those of Mozart, are equal proofs in their heavenly ease of these masters' pre-eminence, as are their deeper manifestations; finished mastery plays loosely about the lines drawn from the beginning of the work, while younger, more uncultivated talent, whenever it leaves the foot-hold of custom, strains ever tighter at the yoke until misfortune is the result. To apply this remark to Spohr's quartet: If we forget the composer's name and his famous achievements, we still find a masterly form, invention, and mode of writing as far removed as heaven itself from that of the scribbler or student. The advantage of the superiority won by means of study and industry is, that it remains ductile even to advanced age, while superficial talent loses facility through neglect.

A quartet (Opus 10) by L. Fuchs, published about a year ago, was highly interesting to us all. The composer lives in Petersburg, where he cultivates our noble art in small circles, generally esteemed as a teacher of composition, of which he proves himself now to be practically a master. The quartet is not too involved to be comprehended, at a first hearing, in its heights and depths, when one holds the score in one's hand, as we did; and even without this latter assistance, its originality in form and contents is striking. One thinks oftenest of Onslow as the composer's model; and yet he gives proof of having studied the remote art of Bach, as well as the more recent manner of Beethoven. This is, in contradistinction to that by Spohr, which we have just described, a true quartet, in which each part has something to say; and often really fine, often oddly and unclearly

interwoven conversation between four men, during which the spinning out of the threads is as attractive as in model works of the most recent period. We do not often find the concentration and reserve of Beethovenian thought—in this the quartet is a little behind-hand; but it is generally interesting throughout for its rare earnestness and polished force of style, if we except a few insipid measures. Its form seems to us a good one, and is especially piquant in the jig and the last movement. The jig does not properly belong to this quartet; I am certain of it, for the manuscript contains quite a different scherzo, one more suitable to the other movements, but less interesting than this; yet from its alteration it happens unfortunately that the jig is in B-flat major, while the following (last) movement is in C-minor; a succession of keys which I cannot endorse in a form that draws much beauty from the quality of severity. In the *andante*, the new Russian popular song (by Lwoff) is introduced and varied, after the manner of a well-known Haydn quartet. Such foreign ideas rarely fall in with one's own flow of thought, and I, in this case, should have preferred to offer a work all my own, rather than one in which strict criticism cannot even recognize the attraction of patriotism. However, we trust this esteemed artist may really possess, as we hear he does, a store of quartets, wholly his own, ready for publication and for the gratification of the friends of genuine quartet music.

SECOND QUARTET MORNING.

Quartets by C. DECKER, C. G. REISSIGER, and L. CHERUBINI.

If I compare together the faces of many trembling musicians ascending the Gewandhaus staircase, on the way to perform some solo or other, with those of our quartettists, then the latter appear to me far more enviable. They form their own public, and need not feel any anxiety whatever; nor does the appearance of a listening child at the window, or the interruption of some nightingale outside, cause them any disturbance. And so they prepared, with the usual enthusiasm, to plunge into a newly-arrived quartet from Berlin (Opus 14), of Herr C. Decker, and found it just the thing for such an enthusiastic mood; that is to say, of a very cooling nature. What can be said of a work that certainly displays preference for noble models, and striving towards an ideal, but that yet produces so little effect, that we envy the talent of Strauss, who shakes melodies out of his sleeves and gold into his pockets? Shall we blame? Shall we mortify a composer who has done all that is possible to him? Shall we praise, where we feel that we have not experienced any real pleasure? Shall we dissuade the author from further composition? That would be of no advantage to him. Shall we advise him to write more? He is not rich enough to do so, and would drive the business in a mechanical manner. So we prefer to bear witness to the artistic zeal of those who compose without the inspiration of genius, and at the same time advise them to write on industriously, but with the prayer that they will not, therefore, publish every-

¹ From *Music and Musicians. Essays and Criticisms*, by ROBERT SCHUMANN. Translated, edited, annotated by FANNY RAYMOND RITTER. Second Series. (New York, Edward Schuberth & Co. London, Wm. Reeves. 1880.)

thing. Even the errors of great talent, from which we can learn and reap advantage, belong to the world; but mere studies, first attempts, should be kept within one's own four walls. I term the quartet of this composer, studies in quartet style. He succeeds in many ways; he perceives correctly the style and character of music in four parts; but the whole is dry, bony, wanting in swing, in life. The good and well-designed beginning of the quartet awakens hope, but there it stops; the second theme appears poor, and sticks fast. The working out in the middle movement, with the inversion of the theme, is not devoid of merit, though we perceive that it has been done laboriously; but the return to the original key is easily and happily done, and the close of the first movement is praiseworthy. But we have to search for all that is good in it. The adagio has the same dryness; on the other hand, we meet with more vital elements in the scherzo, some very pretty groupings and reflections, amid which the trio stands out very well, especially on its repetition. The finale has the same faults and good qualities which we have remarked in the first movements, with the apparently increased life which a quicker tempo brings with it, and some good points, but nothing that touches more deeply or gives more pleasure. Good will and intelligence have the pre-eminence here; the heart is left empty. But we cannot deny him the consideration which every young composer deserves when he makes an attempt in one of the most difficult styles; so we advise him to write on courageously, but first, if possible, to spend a year in fair Italy or elsewhere, in order to nourish his imagination with gay pictures, and to bring forth fruit and flowers at some future time in place of the leaves and branches of to-day.

And then we came to something new in musical literature, a quartet by chapel-master Reissiger, the first he has published (Opus 111). It pleases one beforehand to find a composer, whom we had supposed perfect in certain forms, trying his hand at something different and more difficult. No man works with greater freshness than when he commences at a new style. On the other hand, every new attempt in a yet unfamiliar form presents its difficulties even when undertaken by a master-hand. Thus we see Cherubini shipwrecked on the symphony, while even Beethoven—as we learn from Dr. Wegeler's recent information—must have often made the attempt at his first quartets, since a trio was the result of one, and another became a quintet. So many points in this first quartet by Reissiger, such as the frequent quaver accompaniment in the second violin and viola, certain orchestral syncopations, etc., betray the practised vocal and pianoforte composer; but his good qualities are also lavishly displayed; we find rounded form, lively rhythms, euphonious melodies, though certainly interspersed with familiar things that remind us of Spohr (the commencement), Onslow (the trio of the scherzo), Beethoven (the passage in E-major in the first half of the first movement), Mozart (the C-sharp minor passage in the adagio),

and many others. I cannot allow great original value to the quartet, or predict for it a very long life; it is a quartet for good amateurs, who will have enough to do in it, though the artist will be able to read a page through at a glance; a quartet to be listened to openly by clear candle-light among fair women, though Beethovenians may close their doors to luxuriate over his every single measure. To speak of separate movements, I give the preference to the scherzo, especially bars five to eight in the trio; and next to this the first movement, if it only possessed a less commonplace form and a less insipid close. The adagio seems to me too flat for its breadth. The rondo is ordinary throughout; just so might Auber compose a quartet.

We closed with the first of the already long-published quartets by Cherubini (No. 1 in E-flat major), regarding which a difference of opinion has arisen even among good musicians. The question is not as to whether these works proceed from a master of art—about this there can be no doubt—but whether they are to be recognized as models of the genuine quartet style. We have grown accustomed to three famous German masters as models in this branch, while, with just recognition, Onslow, and then Mendelssohn, have been admitted to the circle of followers in the path of the three first. And now comes Cherubini, an artist who has grown gray in his own views, and in the highest aristocracy of art, the best harmonist yet among his contemporaries in spite of his age; the learned, refined, interesting Italian, whom I have often compared to Dante, on account of his firm exclusiveness and strength of character. I must confess, however, that even I experienced an unpleasant impression on hearing this quartet for the first time, especially after the first two movements. It was not what I expected; many things seemed to me operatic, overlaid, while others appeared small, empty, and opinionated. It may have been the result of that youthful impatience in me which did not at once discern the significance of the graybeard's often wonderful discourse, for in many ways I otherwise traced the master commander to his finger tips. But then came the scherzo, with its enthusiastic Spanish theme, the uncommon trio, and lastly the finale, that sparkles like a diamond whichever way it is turned, and there could be no doubt as to who had written the quartet, and whether it was worthy of its master. Many will feel like me; we must first become acquainted with the peculiar spirit of this, *his* quartet style; this is not the well-known mother tongue with which we are so familiar; a polite foreigner speaks to us; but the more we learn to understand him, the more highly we must respect him. These remarks, which give but a slight idea of the originality of this work, must suffice to call the attention of German quartet circles to it. For performance it needs much—it needs artists. In an attack of editor's arrogance I wished for Baillot (whom Cherubini seems to have had in his mind) as first violin, Lipinski as second, Mendelssohn at the viola (his principal instrument, with the exception of

the organ and pianoforte), and Max Bohrer or Fritz Kummer at the violoncello. But I heartily thanked my own quartettists, who, at parting, promised to return soon, and to make me, as well as themselves, acquainted with the other quartets by Cherubini—regarding which new readers may expect new communications.

(To be continued.)

ERNST FERDINAND WENZEL.

[From the Leipzig Signale. Translation from the Boston Evening Transcript.]

Among the many thousands who during the last forty years or more have visited Leipzig or watched the course of musical events, there are surely not many who will not at one time or another have come across the name of Wenzel; and no doubt all regretted to hear of the death of one, whose chief characteristics were his amiability, truth, fidelity, extraordinary perceptive powers, and vast experience. Hundreds of pupils of both sexes have passed under his guiding hand and attained proficiency by his untiring efforts throughout the last decennaries. Over one and all he exercised the same healthy and beneficent influence, furthering and developing their talents, cultivating their several tastes, widening their mental horizons, and almost invariably inspiring them with a love and reverence which in individual instances amounted to positive adoration. In truth, he deserved no less!

With Ernst Ferdinand Wenzel, one of the last veterans of Leipzig's greatest musical epoch, in which Mendelssohn and Schumann held sway, has passed away. He was the oldest member of the Conservatorium faculty, with which he had been uninterruptedly connected ever since the foundation of the school in 1843, and performed his duties with a degree of conscientiousness and devotion seldom to be met with. To the last moment he remained true to his art, his calling, and his beloved Leipzig, and with these he became so closely identified, that to have torn him out of an atmosphere so congenial to his mental and physical existence, would have meant almost certain death.

Wenzel was a living record of Leipzig's doings in matters musical; and his extraordinary memory, together with his exceptional powers of conversation, never left him in the lurch when called upon for information about persons, works or facts of the classical past in which he spent his youth.

As rarely as it happens, however, he kept steady pace with advancing times. He had the same lively interest for all noteworthy productions of the present, not alone in music, but in all the various branches of art and literature. His attainments and general culture were of a degree seldom to be met with in musicians, and over everything that he knew, or that excited his interest, he exercised an acute and sound judgment.

It is to be lamented that his natural aversion to writing, which manifests itself even in the scarcity and brevity of his letters, should ever have debarred him from literary activity. What little he did write was pre-eminent in point of style, elegance, acuteness, wit and matter, and considering how much good might have resulted from his vast knowledge and experience in the domains of critical and art-philosophical discussion, it is an endless pity that he could never at least put himself to the task of writing his memoirs. There we might have had a treasure of personal impressions, clever judgments and an endless mass of little-known facts such as only a man with his keen observing powers and eventful past could have given us.

Ernst Ferdinand Wenzel was born on the 23d

of January, 1808, at Waldorf, near Löban. Of his early years little is known. He was never heard to speak of his youth any more than he was known to talk of himself in general, a thing his extreme modesty (one of his few shortcomings) forbade. We may be certain, however, that he was poor as a boy. Later he attended the Leipzig University, where he studied philology. He was destined to become a school-master, but his musical gifts soon manifested themselves and changed the course of his life. Enlisting as a pupil of Frederick Wieck, he renounced his philological studies and devoted himself entirely to his music. This was about the year 1830, at the time when Wieck's house was the social and artistic centre of Leipzig's musical life, when the precocious Clara Wieck excited the enthusiasm of the younger generation of musicians with her piano playing, when Robert Schumann emerged, and the "Davidites" were called to life.

With Schumann he soon became intimately acquainted, and remained his friend up to the time of the master's death. There must have been a number of valuable letters from Schumann in his possession, which it is to be hoped have not been lost. With the others of the Davidites, also, Wenzel was closely connected and actively engaged, and participated in the founding of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, to which in the first years of its existence he is known to have contributed a number of articles, the mode of signature of which it has been impossible to ascertain, however. Whether Wenzel ever made any attempts at composition it is impossible to say. In any case his essays, it would seem, never came to any great issue. For his was not a productive nature, but rather receptive and reproductive. Under Wieck he became a very good piano player, his technique in particular being fine and clear like that of most of Wieck's pupils. But he soon preferred the more modest sphere of a teacher to that of a concert pianist, and henceforth devoted himself exclusively to the instruction of others. For a public player he had not the requisite amount of self-confidence, another thing his modesty stood in the way of attaining. Moreover, it is not improbable that his intercourse with Wieck and Schumann, and afterwards with Mendelssohn and Gade, somewhat demoralized him, in so far as their examples soon taught him to see how useless any competition with such masters might prove. It is, therefore, not difficult to understand, taking into account his natural reticence, that he preferred to move in a lesser sphere than his exceptional capacities otherwise might have enabled him to exist in. Everything that he knew and felt, however, was imparted to his pupils, and proved an inestimable benefit to them.

I have never known of a pianoforte teacher who worked assiduously and exercised so stimulating an influence over his pupils. The spirit of a composition and its adequate rendering were to him most essential; the purely mechanical he cared less about. For this reason we find fewer "virtuosi" amongst his pupils, but instead the more thorough musicians. His extensive literary knowledge he never ceased to convey to his pupils, nor tired of devising means of shaping their judgments, or extending their mental horizons. Prejudice and one-sidedness were utterly alien to his nature. With every artist he never failed to discover what was characteristic of the man or his work, and was ever ready to acknowledge whatever noteworthy qualities a man possessed. For such reasons mainly it was that Schumann induced Mendelssohn, at the time the Conservatorium was founded, in 1843, to appoint Wenzel, together with Plaidy (who was more of a technician than an æsthetically cultivated musician), as a teacher of the piano-

forte. From this time henceforth Wenzel devoted his time and energies exclusively to that model of music schools, the Leipzig Conservatorium, which soon attained a celebrity that has continued to the present day. His unswerving efforts in behalf of the school, its ends and its aims, were as remarkable as his sense of duty and perseverance, and it can hardly be said of him that he ever missed a lesson or appointment of any kind. He entertained a high opinion of the Conservatory as a school, although in matters of administration he often found it advisable to submit to the views of the directors, when his own convinced him quite to the contrary. For he was of a more progressive and liberal turn of mind than is compatible at times with the purposes of a school. Within the limits of the Conservatorium he worked incessantly, yet he always managed to find time for private tuition, to which he devoted himself with no less energy.

Wenzel was never known to be ill. Simplicity was the rule in his mode of life, and of an evening, after a day's hard and continuous labor and activity, he was ever the most amiable and inciting companion, a friend much sought after from many quarters where he was wont to teach, and well known to all artists visiting Leipzig. He never left his favorite haunt except in times of vacation. Then he would resort to the mountains, to Switzerland, the Tyrol, etc.; never to large cities, but always to nature itself, which he was passionately fond of and knew thoroughly.

Last week he became suddenly ill, which with him meant the beginning of the end. The weight of years asserted itself, which his otherwise healthy and robust nature could no longer withstand. By order of his physicians he was sent to the baths at Kosen—to return no more alive. After a few months trial of the baths he already imagined himself sufficiently recovered to express hopes of soon returning to his home and resuming his lessons at the Conservatorium for the winter term. But his cherished hopes were suddenly frustrated on the 16th of August, when a stroke of paralysis cut off his life on the very day the summer vacation of the Conservatorium began, thus sparing him the misery of prolonged sufferings.

The news of his death was a blow to the whole of Leipzig. It became more evident than ever how numerous were his friends and admirers. Enemies it may hardly be said he ever had! No one could possibly have lived a more unostentatious or unselfish life. Never putting himself in the way of any one, he never pushed himself into the foreground. All demonstrations of allegiance he steadily rejected. Honors and distinctions he never sought, and therefore had few conferred upon him, living as he did in a time of competition and puffery such as ours, in which a nature like his is but seldom rightly understood. But his name will continue to live in the musical history of Leipzig; he will always be remembered in the hearts of his pupils and friends, and in the annals of the Leipzig Conservatorium he is assured a place of honor for all time to come.

His remains were brought from Kosen to Leipzig and here interred with appropriate solemnity. A long and brilliant array of artists, music lovers and pupils of both sexes followed him to his last resting-place. At his grave, the deacon, Dr. Peschek, a countryman of Wenzel's, spoke with much feeling and fervency, choosing as his text, "This disciple shall not die," from the gospel of St. John—a saying significant at once for the reverence implied for the departed one, and the consolation contained in it for those left to mourn his loss (his only brother was present among the mourners). The ceremony opened and closed with vocal selections sung by a choir composed of pupils from the Conservatorium. Amongst the

many floral tributes which accompanied the body to the grave was a laurel wreath which a former pupil from Munich had sent. It was well bestowed, and probably was the first ever conferred upon him. Crowns had been more according to his deserts, so long as he lived; but these he would never have accepted. Sacred be his memory!

PROFESSOR MACFARREN ON MUSIC.

Professor Macfarren, the principal of the Royal Academy of Music, on Saturday addressed the students at the Academy in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, on the inauguration of the new academic year. There was a numerous attendance, among those present being Professors Walter Macfarren, Brinley Richards, W. Shakespeare, H. C. Banister, A. H. Jackson, F. R. Cox, E. Fiori, S. Holland, E. R. Evers, E. Fanning, W. H. Holmes, F. B. Jewson, A. O'Leary, H. Thomas, and Mr. John Gill, the secretary. Professor Macfarren said they had one common bond which bound them all in mutual interest, their devotion to music, which united them in such a manner as to make their connection and relationship for the life long. He dwelt on the responsibilities of the professors, and the manner in which they discharged them, observing that the pupils had not come there for a bald technical education. There was a higher function in the duties of the professors—the function of moral influence, which they exercised in a marked degree upon the pupils confided to their care. Referring to the sub-professors, he said the appointment was the highest honor that could be paid to a student, the committee selecting for it those among the pupils who were most advanced and were best deserving, and thus giving to them the peculiar advantage of being taught to teach. The professors, however, were responsible for the progress of the pupils who were placed under the sub-professors. He then asked those who were pupils to consider what their duties were in the Academy. They came not to study music as an amusement. It would degrade the wonderful subject which engrossed their life's attention to regard it for a moment as a pastime and recreation. If they entered into the pursuit of that study it must be the prime, he could almost say the sole, object of their attention, and other subjects which engage their thoughts should all bear upon that one chief consideration. To be a musician was, in itself, a great and glorious privilege. He regarded it as a very high privilege to be entrusted by the committee of management with the office which he held, as it made him the medium of communication between all of them and the committee, and gave him the hope of being the means of cementing the friendship which he believed existed among all of them. Addressing them as musicians, he asked them to think for a moment what was the important calling of an artist. He reminded them of Schiller's beautiful apologue of the division of the earth, and of the complaint of the artist to Zeus that there was no portion of the world left for him. "Yes," said the King of the Gods, "you are not unregarded. I will say for you, the heart of man. Be that your study and your empire." All the arts were connected, and the reflection upon one another enhanced the beauty of each. In sculpture they saw the imitation of natural forms, and from that they took their word that art was the imitative power of reproducing nature. In painting they had form with color added; in acting they had form, and color, and gesture; in literature those three qualities were lost; but in uttered speech they had the thoughts of the persons who were the subject of the work of art. It must be borne in mind, however, that Goldsmith said, and Talleyrand quoted, that speech was given to man, not only

to express his thoughts, but to conceal them, while music had a higher function than the expression or concealment of thoughts. Music uttered what was beyond the reach of words, and whereas speech might describe our feeling, music went beyond the description and produced the feeling itself. Architecture had been claimed as the fittest analogy to music, in that neither reproduced natural objects; but architecture was based on natural principles of geometry, perspective, and proportions, and it had the power of conjuring in the thoughts of the beholder images of the mind apart from images of the building—feelings of reverence, or lightness, or respect, or gaiety. Music could awaken all those ideas, the highest sublimity, the lightest mirth, and it could present every shade of feeling between them. With the knowledge that they were studying that most intense, most delicate subject, they could not for a moment feel that there was anything trifling in the pursuit they were undertaking. After urging them to make the best use of the talents they possessed, he drew attention to the class for acoustics and the operatic class, and observed that recent times had very much strengthened the general desire among musicians at large to obtain particular distinctions for their artistic qualifications. They now proceeded to Universities for degrees in very far larger numbers than until recent years, and the Universities had made the standard of excellence to which the degrees testified very far higher than formerly. In one University in particular, a knowledge of acoustics was imperative in every candidate who obtained graduation. In the Academy every opportunity for musical study in every department was open to them. The class for acoustics was under the care of the present examiner of the subject in Cambridge University.

There seemed in the operatic department to be more appearance of amusement; but if it was to be sought as an amusement only, the study of operatic music could only be degraded to triviality. Still, there was not the severe tax on the attention in that particular branch of study that there was in the scientific subject to which he had just alluded—the subject which touched upon the grandest phenomena of nature, and which showed the source of music itself. The operatic class was open to singers who need not necessarily have a view to theatrical performances, and the experience of the past few years had proved that to practice with action gave a freedom to the performances of singers who aimed at nothing further than the concert-room or the drawing-room, and took from them certain restraints which impeded good qualities until such freedom could be acquired. Dealing with a "tender subject" to them all—the result of the annual examination—he said it brought gratification to all of them, but with the gratification there were several disappointments. The obtaining of medals should be regarded as a secondary consideration in their studies, for they must bear in mind the many circumstances which might interfere with success at an examination. An examiner could take no account of what was yesterday or would be to-morrow, but could only inspect what passed under notice at the very moment of the trial, and the idea was fallacious that work was to be slackened, or painstaking abandoned because no prize was gained. In support of this contention he referred to *Alceste* and the tragedy by Euripides, which was offered in competition at the Olympic Games, and failed of a prize. Mr. Browning's beautiful poem of "Belaustion's Adventure" had given a transcription of the play, which was involved in the story of the failure of the Athenian's war upon Sicily, and the hardships to which the Sicilians subjected the Athenian captives. The captives, however, re-

cited verses of Euripides from the play of *Alceste*, and so charmed the Sicilians that for every one who could recite passages from the play indemnity from service was accorded, and they were released from their bondage. He concluded, amid warm applause, with which his remarks had been frequently greeted, by quoting the two last lines of the poem he had referred to—

"It all came from this play which gained no prize;
Why crown whom Zeus has crowned in soul before?"
—*London Times*.

RAFF'S "SUMMER" SYMPHONY.

The special novelty at the first Crystal Palace concert was the new Symphony in E-minor of Joachim Raff—the ninth of his symphonic works, and the 208th published composition of this too prolific writer. It is one of a series of four, illustrative of the seasons, the first of which, entitled "The Voice of Spring," was produced at the Crystal Palace on the 15th of November last, while the "Autumn" is to be produced at Leipzig or Vienna this Winter; the "Winter" symphony being still only sketched in Raff's portfolio. In his symphony in E-minor, entitled "Summer Time," Raff again comes forward as a composer of programme music, and with a "programme" well-nigh impossible of performance. The first movement or "part" is entitled "A Hot Day," and this will, it is presumed, be considered the *reductio ad absurdum* of programme music. How on earth can a man depict in music "a hot day"? It is true that Mr. George Grove, whose imagination is only equalled by his musical enthusiasm, fancies that in the opening of the movement beginning *piano* with the first violins (divided) and second violins only, which gradually by the addition of instruments increases to a forte, he sees the "burst of the sun." It is equally true that the sun, whether at rising, at noon, or at sunset, has never yet in the history of astronomy been known to "burst," and that the phrase must be accepted as a flight of fancy or as a mere flower of speech. Minds more imaginative (if that were possible) than Mr. Grove's might perhaps perceive in the semiquaver figure which follows, an illustration in music of the flies which on "a hot day" worry the bald head of an angry man. But beyond this speculation ceases. The second subject is duly announced, and the movement proceeds to the "working-out," where we have once more the "burst of the sun," the "fly on the angry man's bald head motive," and so on. At the coda we have again the "burst of the sun" motive, this time extended, without any particular effort of heaven's artillery, followed by the other themes, "settling down at length into a touching allusion to the original subject." This is our old friend the "burst," again, in which Mr. Grove, with a curious reversion of feeling, "imagines the sun to sink, and the twilight, in which the movement commenced, to again fall over the landscape." Mr. Grove is, however, conscious that he is dead out of his reckoning, and he admits, "After this, a few noisy bars seem somewhat out of keeping." Perhaps the composer means to illustrate the old rhyme—

"The sun which 'burst' once in a way,
May rise to 'burst' another day."

The scherzo in F (after E-minor!) is tolerably plain sailing. We have the meet of the fairies, the call to the hunt, the appearance of *Oberon* (violinello) and *Titania* (viola), a duet; the hunt and the return of all parties, the movement or "part" being fanciful in design and admirably scored. The slow movement, entitled "Eclogue," is a true "pastoral poem," and the two middle movements must be considered the best in the work. On the finale, entitled "Harvest Home," it would be nonsense to waste words. It does not afford the remotest idea of a harvest home, and the workmanship is commonplace and often coarse. The symphony altogether will certainly not be considered the best work of its most unequal composer; though its performance by the Crystal Palace orchestra under Mr. Manns left nothing to be desired.—*London Figaro*, Oct. 16.

F. J. CAMPBELL.

THE BLIND EDUCATOR OF THE BLIND.—HIS ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

"The blind leading the blind" are proverbial words, often cited to illustrate an example of extreme folly, but there is a blind leader of the blind whose life demonstrates his ability for leadership among any class of men, be they sightless or seeing. His name is F. J. Campbell, the blind gentleman who recently achieved the remarkable feat of ascending Mont Blanc. Mr. Campbell is a native American, and is well-known in Boston and its neighborhood, especially in Newton, where he lived for many years. He was born in Tennessee, and lost his sight when he was about three years old. He received his education in an institution for the blind in that state, came to Boston when a young man, and was soon placed at the head of the department of music in the Perkins Institution for the Blind at South Boston. Having a remarkably fine talent for music, he soon raised that department from a condition of comparative insignificance to a state of high efficiency. He also performed the same service for the tuning department. He had a spirit of dauntless energy, was self-confiding and self-asserting. He was bound to make his mark, and the controlling idea of his life has always been that a man by reason of blindness does not become an object of charity, or only fitted to earn his livelihood by some simple means, such as the making of brooms or the weaving of door-mats, but that nearly all spheres of activity in which seeing men are engaged are also open to him. To prove this has been his aim in everything that he has done, and he has striven to make his life a running illustration of the feasibility of his views. His great intellectual influence was not slow in making itself felt beyond his own department at South Boston, and, during his long stay at the Perkins institution, he was, next to Dr. Howe, the leading spirit in its management.

HIS AMERICAN LIFE.

Many interesting things, showing the wonderful energy of the man, are told by his friends and neighbors. During the civil war, although a native of the South, he was intensely patriotic. So enthusiastic was he for the Union cause that he cherished an irrepressible desire to enter actively into the service, and he exhausted all his powers of persuasion in endeavoring to induce the authorities to allow him to serve his country in a capacity which he felt confident he was able to fill with credit to himself and profit to the Union arms. One of his favorite projects was to secure for blind students the advantages of Harvard University, and he regarded it as highly unjust that blind youths who had the desire and the capacity for the highest education should be denied the privilege of obtaining it. He, therefore, drew up several memorials to the university authorities seeking that end, but owing, it is said, to the lack of sympathy with his purpose on the part of others, who would most naturally have been expected to use their influence toward the furtherance of a higher educational movement for the blind, he never succeeded in getting any attention called to his petitions.

Mr. Campbell was able to find his way all over Boston with wonderful facility, and it would be difficult to distinguish between his power in this respect and that of a seeing man. One evening, when in town attending a concert, he missed his last train home; it left somewhere in the neighborhood of 10 o'clock, the suburban public in those days not being so well accommodated in the matter of late trains as at present. But, knowing that a horse-car went to Watertown, he took that and made the best of the way to his home in Newtonville on foot, through streets he had never traversed before, asking his way of no one.

Old citizens of Newton remember the great school festival he organized one Fourth of July before the war. School musical festivals were not the common thing in those days that they are now, and, music not being so generally taught, it was no easy task to get them up. Mr. Campbell conceived the idea of giving a grand open-air concert by the pupils of the public schools in a natural sylvan amphitheatre.

theatre on the shores of the pond near Gov. Claffin's estate; a most beautiful natural spot. He succeeded in enlisting the co-operation of the school committee, drilled the scholars, brought over his band from the Perkins Institution, and, with the assistance of the Newton band, gave a concert which was highly creditable artistically, and a great popular success, over 5,000 people being present, and highly delighted with the affair, which was the great event of the day's celebration.

HIS TRIP ABROAD.

Several years ago Mr. Campbell was given leave of absence from his duties at the Perkins Institution, and went abroad on a vacation trip, taking with him his invalid wife. His special object was to spend considerable time in the study of music in Germany under the best masters. This object accomplished, on his way homeward he stopped in London. While there he chanced to attend a meeting of some blind persons, and he was so struck with their pitifully helpless condition that he determined to remain and endeavor to introduce into England the same enlightened treatment of the class universally pursued in his native country; for in this respect, at that time, the English educational methods were strikingly deficient. Nearly all the blind persons in the country were either paupers or semi-paupers, and those who earned their own living had only the ancient, conventional resources of mat-weaving, chair-mending, and the like. Mr. Campbell's wonderful energy here came into play. The circumstances under which he began his work might have been discouraging to a man in full possession of his physical faculties. Everybody who knows English society will testify to its suspiciousness of strangers, and the necessity for good credentials, if a stranger should desire to make any headway in any project he has in hand. Yet here was Mr. Campbell, an utter stranger, with no recommendations to persons of position and influence, almost penniless—for his slender purse was nearly drained—with a very sick wife, and sightless. But he overcame every obstacle, and earned the gratitude of the English nation as a great public benefactor. Because he was blind, it might be suggested; through that he excited sympathy, and so succeeded. But Mr. Campbell scorned to be looked upon as an object of pity. He never regarded himself as such, and would never tolerate the idea on the part of anybody. He always insisted on his cause being looked upon strictly on its merits. On the day when he received his first slight encouragement he had reached the end of his monetary resources. But he succeeded in obtaining the funds to make a modest beginning, and he started an institution for the blind based upon his educational methods. This was in 1871. It rapidly grew in public favor. He was fortunate in attracting the attention of exalted personages, and it soon developed into the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, under the patronage of Queen Victoria, the Prince and the Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh figuring as vice-patrons, and with the Marquis of Westminster as president. The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne also took deep interest in the institution. Almost wholly through Mr. Campbell's personal exertions the institution has received money amounting to something like \$250,000. The institution has now beautiful buildings at upper Norwood, London, very near the Crystal Palace, near which it was purposely located on account of its musical advantages. One enters an arched gate-way, and looks down a terraced hill with green lawns diversified by flowers and trees in picturesque groups, with great clumps of rhododendron and hedges of hawthorn and laurel. At the top is a light gray building, where the girls sleep and all the school takes its meals. "You may not think," says a writer in the *Spectator*, "it means much to these blind people that pretty tiles peep through luxuriant ivies on its corner tower, that the sun streams into it widely through generous windows, and that a fair prospect stretches far westward. But those who live with the blind learn that the presence of beauty does influence them as much as those who see. Experience proves that for them also does it stimulate the imagination, refine the taste and give cheerful pleas-

ure. And do not the blind, in their narrower path, need this more than others?"

"Going down from 'the mount,' you pass, near it on the left, the cosy little home of Mr. Campbell. A few terraces below, still more to the left, is a four-storied new building, with its arches and gables. Here are the school-rooms and the boys' quarters. At the extreme left, before reaching this, is a large open-air gymnasium. It is fun to see the boys swarm up those ropes, hang headlong from the swings, and turn somersaults on the soft floor of tan, and hear their merry shouts. Are those active, happy creatures really blind? To any stranger's eye these many staircases and paths and banks and bridges seem to lead at random into the basement or second story of any of the three main buildings on the terraced hill-side; yet these sightless girls and boys dash along unerringly at full speed. Sometimes you hold your breath to see them, but nothing happens. Any of them will show you round the pretty garden, if you choose, and tell you which they like best of the bright flowers bordering its strips of velvet lawn; and, perhaps, they will ask you to sit down under the spreading arbutus tree, which his grace, a certain duke, says is the finest that he knows. Their faces will brighten as you exclaim: 'What a beautiful view!' for they feel as if they saw it also, having so often heard it described; and their trained ears hear meanwhile what yours do not, as the breeze sweeps through the variously sounding branches of the many sorts of trees grouped here and there. Some of these trail on the ground, in marked contrast with the tall, straight pines, the quaintly stiff Japanese evergreens, the sturdy tulip and catalpa, and others of more familiar mien. Below the garden is the meadow, so called, a smooth plot of turf, with not so much as a shrub to prevent a blind child's running to his heart's content. It is bounded by a shaded gravel walk, and every boy and girl here knows that ten times round the meadow twice a day is no small exercise. At the four corners are laid boards to tell the foot when to turn, for the blind manager here knows better than a 'sighted' person how to help these pupils to learn accuracy and confidence in their movements. It is the evident purpose of every arrangement of the school to teach real independence, both in feeling and in act, to reduce to the minimum the inequality between the blind and the seeing."

The institution has a beautiful new music hall, where some of the finest music in England may be heard. While the new building was going up, it is related of Mr. Campbell that at night he used to make his way all over the structure, up ladders and along narrow scaffoldings, to make sure that everything was progressing satisfactorily. One day, while watching the laborers at work, he found that there were no windows, nor any provision for ventilation, in one room. He soon learned that the architect had disregarded the question of light and air, considering that the blind had no use for either. He was determined to have the amplest supply of both, knowing that they were essential to the health of all human beings, whether seeing or blind. He therefore would not rest until he had succeeded in getting the architect dismissed, and a more intelligent one put in his place. An instance of Mr. Campbell's thorough American independence of character is shown in the fact that the grand duke of Hesse, on observing the remarkable advantages of the institution, wished to place his blind son, Prince Alexander, under Mr. Campbell's charge as a pupil. He desired, however, that he should have a princely establishment, with something like a score of servants about him. This condition Mr. Campbell at once refused to consent to, and adhered to it inexorably, even though he risked offending his royal patrons by so doing. He said he would be happy to receive the prince under his charge, but that he would have to come on the same conditions as the other pupils, and be placed on an equality with them in all respects. The prince came on these conditions, and became one of the best friends of Mr. Campbell, besides developing a high musical talent. It was with Prince Alexander that Mr. Campbell went into Switzerland last summer. His ascent of Mont Blanc was made to illustrate his

views that a blind man, by reason of his infirmity, need not be excluded from undertaking the most difficult tasks that other men have accomplished. He felt confident of his success when he set out, having practised for a month in glacier work, and in climbing lesser mountains. Mr. Campbell's letter to the *Times*, modestly describing his adventure, was followed by a letter from the secretary of the Alpine Club, commending his pluck, but criticising one of the details of the descent, blaming the guide for permitting it to be made in such a manner. Mr. Campbell having descended beside the guide, instead of following him, as demanded by the rules of safety. The next day the *Times* devoted an editorial of over a column to the affair, speaking of Mr. Campbell in the most complimentary terms. From it is quoted the following: "The praise of the reformers of the education of the blind is that they insist upon relegating what is only a drawback, and not a prohibition, to common human fellowship, to its proper category. As a demonstration to that tendency and truth, Mr. Campbell's ascent of Mont Blanc deserves commemoration, not because a mountain ascent merits any blowing of trumpets, whether the adventurer have as strong sight as an eagle or as little as the fish of the Adelsberg caverns."

Mr. Campbell is described as a slightly built man, with a thin, energetic-looking face, his sightless eyes concealed by dark glasses. His wife died not long after the beginning of their mission in England. He married again, his second wife being a Boston lady, formerly a teacher at the Perkins Institute. She is a treasured helpmeet in his great work, and, like his first wife, is blessed with vision.—*Sunday Herald*, Oct. 24.

MR. OLIVER KING.

Of this young artist, as a pianist, and as composer of orchestral works, the *Evening Gazette*, of Oct. 23, wrote as follows:

We will first give our attention to Mr. King's playing. He has a brilliant and a fluent technique, a refined taste, and a clear and precise touch, but his method is somewhat too deliberate and unimpassioned to afford entire satisfaction. His style is by no means versatile, and is lacking in the finer and warmer shades of expression. He is always correct, always calm, always deeply in earnest, and there is a pleasing absence of all attempt at meretricious display in his playing, but its effect is coldly monotonous through want of contrast in effect. Even in the most fiery climaxes, Mr. King is never stirred from his imperturbability, and his admirable finger work, equally perfect in both hands, fails to make any deeper impression than that of masterly mechanism. This want of fire and passion in a young artist is rather unusual, for, as a rule, such are oftener in need of curbing than of spurring.

We were greatly surprised by the rare merit of Mr. King's compositions, especially when his youth is taken into consideration. Of course, it cannot be expected that justice can be done to a symphony, a concerto and a concert overture at a single hearing, especially when all three are heard on one occasion. It is impossible to do more than to give the general impression made upon us by the works, and that was highly favorable. Mr. King understands the orchestra thoroughly, and handles it like a master. He appears also to be thoroughly familiar with the most recondite intricacies of harmony and of counterpoint. He is fluent in idea and fertile in resources, and though his playing may be wanting in fire and variety of effect, when he takes the pen in hand, there is certainly no fault to find with him on these points. His style is preëminently polyphonic, and it is just here that fault is to be found with his scores, in the excess to which he carries his work in this respect. The principal themes are so overlaid by elaborate treatment that it is often difficult to distinguish them from the subjects that move with and cross them in every part of the orchestra. In the symphony and the concerto this exuberance of florid counterpoint and this over-luxuriant blending of counter themes, though rich and sensuous in effect, was embarrassing rather than edifying to the listener. The overture has less ornate treatment, and is clear, interesting, vigorous, and

wholly pleasing. The faults we have pointed out, however, are in the right direction, since it is better to be too rich in fertility of resource than too poor. In the first instance, it is easy to crop the superfluous luxuriance; but in the second instance it is by no means so easy to supply what is lacking. Mr. King is a follower of the new school of melody and of orchestral development; and his works have the restlessness, the constant groping after novelty of effect, the placing of higher value upon the treatment of an idea than upon the idea itself, and the subjugating of inspiration to thematic jugglery that characterize the higher music of the day. His melodies are of the "endless" description that Wagner has made so familiar; his harmonies run to the extreme of chromatic eccentricity; the general effect is feverish, and the ear at last is wearied by the unceasing sensuous flow, and yearns for a resting-place, but in vain. We hope that Mr. King is young enough to outgrow strict fealty to the school he at present follows, for these works show him to possess decided genius and that productive industry which is its invariable companion.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1880.

SCHUMANN'S ESSAYS AND CRITICISMS.

The second series of Mme. Ritter's admirable translation of Robert Schumann's collected writings¹ (*Gesammelte Schriften*) about music and musicians is now before us. It forms a beautiful volume, uniform with the first series, which appeared in 1877. This completes the collection. The entire contents of the four small German volumes, published at Leipzig in 1854, were translated by Mme. Ritter at the instance of the composer's widow, Mme. Clara Schumann, who, writing to her (in 1871) on the want of a more satisfactory and more intimate biography of Schumann than any we yet have, and expressing the opinion that the time for such a work had not yet arrived, concludes with the suggestion: "but perhaps you, who display so much appreciation of my husband's character and works, might find it a not ungrateful task to translate his writings, which give so much insight into his heart, at least to the reader who is himself qualified to understand." This task was undertaken *con amore*, and was performed so well that even one familiar with the German language may enjoy the writings best in their English dress. For, while preserving, to a remarkable degree, the spirit and the individual flavor of the original, the translation is an improvement upon Schumann's often involved and obscure style, in being clearer and more readable. Moreover, the translator's annotations, and especially her excellent preface to the first volume, embodying an appreciative sketch of his career, with an explanation of the circumstances under which these flying leaves were written, add much to the value of the book. The account of the "Davidite Society" (*Davidbund*),—that pleasant fiction which Schumann introduces into his criticisms in the earlier numbers of his *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, dividing himself as it were into several characters, as Florestan, Eusebius, Meister Raro, besides bringing in the contributions of his young, enthusiastic friends, so as to discuss composers and their works from many points of view, is also interesting and essential to an understanding of many of the essays.

Mme. Ritter and her publishers did not risk the publication of the entire work, so full of food for thought, at a single venture. The first series (1877) was a selection of the more striking and important papers, forming about one half of the whole. In this we may read Schumann's first

¹ *Music and Musicians. Essays and Criticisms by ROBERT SCHUMANN. Translated, Edited and Annotated by FANNY RAYMOND RITTER. Second Series. (New York, Edward Schuberth & Co. London, Wm. Reeves, 1880).*

recognition of Chopin (an "Opus 2"); his articles on "A Monument to Beethoven"; on the "Four Overtures to Fidelio"; on the discovery of Schubert's great C-major Symphony, that of "the heavenly length"; his elaborate analysis of the *Symphonic Fantastique* of Berlioz; his appreciations of Gade, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Robert Franz, Sterndale Bennett, Ferdinand Hiller, and of many other greater and lesser lights. Also, his "Aphorisms," which are full of meat, and his "Rules and Maxims for Young Musicians," which we believe we had the honor of first translating in this Journal, twenty or thirty years ago, and which have been so often translated since. The genial, hopeful, brave, progressive spirit shown in all these writings; the clear, sure insight of the critic, always sympathetic, quick to see and to appreciate, and backed by profound knowledge and by personal experience in the things whereof he wrote; the imaginative, poetic quality displayed in his writings as well as in his music, and his happy faculty of illustration, besides lively wit and humor, and sometimes keen satire, but far oftener a most kindly, hopeful, and encouraging tone toward young aspirants,—the wealth of matter, and the charm of manner of the whole collection, make it an invaluable aesthetic guide-book to the student of music. It inspires a true and lofty aim, a sense of the true dignity and sacredness of Art, and bids us all be earnest.

Such solid, and, for the general musical public, unaccustomed, sometimes puzzling, reading was naturally slow in making its way into general favor; but that first series has been on the whole so well received, that the time came at last for issuing the second. This volume, too, is full of meat, of pithy hints and suggestions, of most valuable and instructive criticism. Unlike the first part, it is occupied entirely with (brief, for the most part) critical reviews of compositions which appeared during Schumann's editorship of the *Neue Zeitschrift*. These, though often dealing with works and with composers who have since died out of memory, are always significant and well worth the reading. And the translator, wisely as we think, has arranged them in convenient order, both for reference and for comprehensive and intelligent over-sight of all belonging to each class or form of composition. Thus, first we find interesting analyses of a Danish and of several German operas, which have long since disappeared upon the stream of time, but which nevertheless are curious to read about. Then come oratorios: Hiller's "Destruction of Jerusalem," and "The Saviour," by Edward Sobolewsky, who emigrated to America in 1859, conducted the Philharmonic Society of St. Louis, and died at his farm near that city in 1872. New symphonies for orchestra come next, including symphonies by Preyer, Reissiger, F. Lachner, and C. G. Müller. Comparing one of these with the easier, happier, and more perfect work of Mozart and Beethoven, he exclaims: "Would some young composer but give us an easy, merry symphony, in a major key, without trombones and doubled horn parts! Of course that is very difficult; only he who knows how to command masses can sport with them,"—and more which we would gladly quote. Then a motley procession of new overtures passes in review, including an "Ecclesiastical Overture" by Julius Stern, Rietz's "Hero and Leander," Bennett's "Naiads," which he was among the first to praise, and several others. Piano concertos follow: Thalberg, Ries, Moscheles, Mendelssohn, and more. Then an attractive company of Song and Lied composers. Then a goodly representation of the writers of chamber-music: sonatas, trios, quartets, septuors, etc. This department, Schumann being himself a pianist and composer in nearly all these forms, is naturally crowded. His grouping together of string quartets, with his

pleasant chatty description of the first trial of them in the intimate artistic circle, is extremely interesting and admits the reader into the most select and sweet communion of artists. Of these chapters we have borrowed a first instalment for the earlier pages of our present number.

But there is no corner of the contemporary musical field which Schumann has surveyed more thoroughly and critically than that of pianoforte studies. All of any real significance, whether by way of example or of warning, which met his notice during these years (and their name is legion) he has taken pains to sift and weigh and analyze, separating the wheat from the chaff, and constantly referring to the nobler examples of Cramer, Moscheles, and Chopin. The mass of these little occasional reviews constitutes a most instructive essay, teaching by example, on the whole vast department of *Etudes*; and at the end he classifies them according to their several aims, both technical and as regards expression.

Rondos, Fantasias, Caprices, Variations, and all the modern miscellaneous forms of pianoforte music, reviewed with utmost patience and impartiality, occupy the remainder of the thick, rich volume. It is impossible for us to enter into anything like a full and exhaustive estimate of these two invaluable volumes; that would require a lengthy article in some solid quarterly review. We must content ourselves, for the present, with heartily commending the work and the translation to all seekers for the truth in music, and with such specimens as we can from time to time find room for in these columns.

CONCERTS.

Since the week of the Tremont Temple opening there has been a period (about three weeks) of very little public music in this city. Mr. PRESTON's third and last Organ Recital, at the Temple, on Wednesday noon, Oct. 27, has been about the only concert of any real note; and that, we were glad to see, was better attended than the previous ones. The programme was excellent:—

Toccata in F-major	Bach
Concerto in B-flat	Handel
Andante Maestoso—Allegro—Adagio—Allegro, ma non Presto.	
Canon in B-flat	Merkel
Canon in G-major	Whitney
Nuptial March	
Elevation	Guilmant
Fugue	

Mr. Preston's rendering of Bach's Toccata was altogether worthy of the strong, lively, noble work, taken at just the right tempo, which was evenly sustained, and the whole form and meaning were brought clearly out. The Handel Concerto was highly interesting. The genial work, with all its variety of themes and contrasts of color, was made most appreciable. The Canon by Merkel was given so pianissimo that we heard it only as we might the vague murmur of the breeze through distant pines; but that by Whitney was more clear and positive. Guilmant's Nuptial March was quite original and captivating, and clearly worked up; and its return in the midst of the fine strong fugue gave unity to the three pieces as a whole. The gifted young pianist has certainly made his mark also as an organist by these three concerts.

—There was a concert, which we were unable to attend, at Union Hall, on Thursday evening, Oct. 28, given by Mrs. FANNIE M. HAWES, a soprano vocalist, with the assistance of good artists. It was her first appearance here, and report speaks well both of her voice and training. This was the programme:

Hunting Song	Anon
Especially arranged for Schubert Quartet.	
Cachouca Caprice	Raff
Ernani Involunt	Edward A. Cary.
Sonata, for violin, in A	Faunie M. Hawes.
	C. N. Allen.
In Absence	Buck
	Schubert Quartet.
Ballad,	Fannie M. Hawes.
Ballade	Edward A. Cary.
	Reinecke

- a. (Cavatina Raff
b. (Gavotte Popper
c. (Cradle Song Alard
d. (Ungarische Hauser
C. N. Allen.
Margaret at the Spinning-Wheel Schubert
Fannie M. Hawes.

Extravaganza
Especially arranged for Schubert Quartet.

—Last evening (too late for notice now) the first of Mr. LISTEMANN'S Philharmonic Orchestra Concerts was given in the Music Hall, with a programme bristling with new-school novelties: a "Romeo and Julia" Fantaisie by Svendsen; Grieg's piano concerto in A-minor, played by Mr. Franz Rummel; Raff's "Im Walde" Symphony; two Slavonic Dances by Dvorak; Liszt's Hungarian Fantaisie for piano and orchestra; while of the older composers there was a Musette from a concerto of Handel, adapted for oboes, bassoons, and string orchestra by Gevaert, and the *Freischütz* overture for a conclusion.

The second concert (Nov. 19) offers the "Carnaval Romain" overture by Berlioz; the first part (*Inferno*) of Liszt's "Dante" Symphony (new here); "The Youth of Hercules" by Saint-Saëns; a melody of Ole Bull's arranged for string orchestra; a miniature march by Tschakowski; and a Valse Caprice by Rubinstein. Miss Gertrude Franklin is to sing a concert aria by Mozart, and songs by Spohr, Schumann and Widor.

—This evening Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood gives a concert at the Meionaeon (Tremont Temple), mainly for the introduction here of Mons. Alfred Desève, a young violinist from Paris, Canadian by birth and recently violinist to the Princess Louise. We had the pleasure of hearing M. Desève play the Kreutzer sonata with Mr. Sherwood, at the latter's room, a few days since, and have since heard him play in private the Mendelssohn concerto. He has admirable execution and plays with rare taste, intelligence and feeling. Mr. Charles R. Adams will assist to-night as vocalist.

—Next week, on Friday evening, Mr. B. J. Lang will give a second and improved performance of the *Damnation of Faust* by Berlioz, with the celebrated baritone Herr Henschel in the part of Mephistopheles, Miss Lillian Bailey as Margaret, Mr. Wm. J. Winch as Faust, and Mr. Clarence Hay as Brandier. There will be a male chorus of 200 voices, a female chorus of 100, and an orchestra of 60 instruments.

—We learn that it is Herr Henschel's intention to give a series of song recitals here this season.

—Subscribers to the Harvard Symphony Concerts can receive their season tickets and select their seats at the Music Hall on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next. The public sale commences on Thursday, Nov. 11. The first concert will take place on Thursday afternoon Nov. 18. The programmes of the first three concerts were given in our last.

—The full programme of the Euterpe for the current season has been made up, and assigned, as follows: December 1, at the Meionaeon, Listemann Quartet—Quartets, Op. 27, G-minor, Grieg; No. 1, E-flat major, Cherubini. January 5, Beethoven Quintet Club—Quartets, No. 2, C-major, G. W. Chadwick; posthumous, D-minor, Schubert. February 2, same players—Quartet, Op. 44, No. 2, E-minor, Mendelssohn; Sextet, Op. 36, G-minor, Brahms. March 23, New York Philharmonic Club—Quartets, No. 6, C-major, Mozart; Op. 59, No. 2, E-minor, Beethoven. April 20, same players—Op. 132, A-minor, Beethoven; Op. 41, No. 2, F-major, Schumann.—*Courier*.

—The Cecilia has the following works in preparation for the four concerts to be given during the current season: *God's Time is Best*, cantata, Bach; *New Year's Song* and *Faust*, Schumann; a short psalm and a motet for female voices, Mendelssohn; the music for *The Ruins of Athens*, Beethoven; *The Bells of Strasbourg*, Liszt; *At the Cloister Gate*, Grieg; *Romeo and Juliet*, symphonic cantata, Berlioz; part-song by Rheinberger, Grieg and Hoffmann; a madrigal by Wilbye; and glees by sundry English composers, including *Little Jack Horner*, by Calcott. At the first concert, to be given about the 15th December, probably in Tremont Temple, without an orchestra, the programme will include the Bach cantata and a choice collection of part-songs and glees for mixed and female voices. Schumann's *Faust* will be presented at the last concert of the season.

—The Boylston Club, at their first concert, November 17, will present several new works, including a

quintet for strings and pianoforte by Hermann Goetz, a *Kyrie Eleison* by Robert Franz, a short motet by Bach, new part-songs by Rheinberger, Loewe, Rubinstein, Vierling, Eitner Kücken and others. The part-songs embrace all descriptions, for male, female, and mixed choruses. For the second concert there will be a *Paternoster*—five-part chorus by Verdi, the Hoffman waltzes, called *Romance of Love, Seasons of the Year*, for female chorus and solos, by Gade a short cantata, new and exceedingly choice part-songs for the male chorus, and other part-songs of all kinds for all the portions of the Boylston Club. The club have under consideration for their concert, the *Faust* of Schumann or the *Requiem* by Brahms, for orchestra, chorus and solo. The club was never so large and enthusiastic as at present. The associate list is full and a waiting list as well. Mr. Osgood has brought a fresh stock of songs from abroad, and the club and their friends look forward with much pleasure to the coming season.

—The Handel and Haydn Society will give its four concerts in Music Hall. *Saint Paul* has been selected for Easter Sunday. The following vocalists have been engaged for *The Messiah*, December 26: Mrs. H. F. Knowles, Miss Anna Drasdil, Mr. W. C. Tower, Mr. George Henschel.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, OCT. 30. Since my last note to the *Journal*, I have made a short visit to Council Bluffs and Omaha, and perhaps some mention of the musical activity I found there may prove interesting. Culture and progress move westward, until the earth is encircled with the brightness of human intelligence. Thus even art is progressive in the far-away places of the great West. I must confess that I was both astonished and delighted to note the many signs of development in a taste for music that were being made manifest in both those places. The trip from Chicago is a pleasant one, and the journey far from wearisome. The Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad run such elegant sleeping-coaches, and are supplied with dining-cars which offer bills of fare most tempting, that travelling seems rather a luxury than a task. Indeed, I never was upon a railway that seemed so pleasant and comfortable.

Council Bluffs is a little city that must be seen to be appreciated. The high bluffs that nearly surround the business portion of the city are both picturesque and romantic. They are very high, and varied in formation, like mountain ranges, and stretch along the Missouri River as far as the eye can see. The effect of the light and shade at sunrise, or at the early evening hour on these hills is very beautiful, and the view from the top of the highest of them extremely diversified and lovely. The little city has many of the comforts and some of the luxuries of the East, and presents a scene of constant activity. Musically, I find there is much taste, and no small amount of talent. I saw the little house in which Miss Fannie Kellogg, now of Boston, used to live, and I felt proud of the talent and energy that could force its way to a public recognition, even when starting from a simple home in the far West. It was an example of what may be made of a gift, when its possessor has power of will to overcome difficulty in its many forms. The light of talent will find its true place in which to shine, whenever it has purpose and true ambition for its actuating forces. I was pleased to learn that through the influence and energy of Mrs. F. F. Ford, and other helping musical people, there has been a good deal accomplished for classical music in this city. Mrs. Ford has a school for music, and has often engaged artists to come there and give song and pianoforte recitals, that her pupils might learn to enjoy good music, and to have that appreciation that comes from understanding art in its higher forms. Miss Nellie Stevens, a very delightful pianist, spent a short time in this city, and did much to cultivate among the young people a love for the good compositions of the worthy masters. Miss Stevens has won a lasting admiration for her fine playing. Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, of this city, has also visited Council Bluffs and given lectures upon musical subjects.

In Omaha I found a number of cultivated amateurs and teachers who were earnest in working for what is good in art. There are music stores that seem to do a good business, and also musical societies that bring out choral works; and thus there is a foundation for a constant and healthy progress in these little cities of the West. I can but regard every sign that shows the advancement of culture and a love of the beautiful, either in art, music, or nature, as something worthy of encouragement and praise, and I transmit my few words of description to the *Journal*, that these worthy people, who are working for art, may know that their efforts will always find recognition in the East. Art knows no country nor place, but makes her home wherever the creative power of man can mould nature into forms of the beautiful. Reflective thought opens the way, and the ideal takes a positive shape, when man directs with reason and taste.

In our own city there has been very little of moment in a musical way. A large organ has been placed in our new Music Hall. It was formally opened by a concert in which Mr. H. Clarence Eddy and Mr. McCarrall were the organists. Being out of town I did not hear the concert, and must reserve my account of the organ until another time.

Musical matters are to be somewhat quiet until after the election, when our concerts will begin with a rush. I trust that we shall be compensated for our long vacation, and that our season will be rich in good music.

C. H. B.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., OCT. 27. The local concert season is now fairly begun. The Heine Quartet have begun their series of chamber-music recitals, their first programme being as follows:

1. String Quartet, Op. 44, No. 1, Mendelssohn
2. Sonata for Piano and Violin, Op. 13, Rubinstein
Misses Mary and Lizzie Heine.
3. Trio for Violin, Viola and Violoncello, Op. 9, No. 1
Beethoven.
4. Prize Quartet for Piano, Violin, Viola and Violoncello,
Op. 18, (First time in America) A. Bungert

These young players have improved since last season, and the series promises to be a valuable contribution to our musical life and culture.

The Musical Society has given its first concert,—Raff's Symphony, "In the Forest," and Dudley Buck's "Golden Legend." Both were very successfully performed. The orchestra was enlarged to sixty performers, partly by bringing players from Chicago, and if there was something to be desired in the way of finish, that was no more than was to be expected from an orchestra unaccustomed to its leader and to one another. On the whole the symphony was given not unworthily, difficult as it is. In the *Golden Legend*, both chorus and orchestra went well. We had Miss Annie B. Norton of Cincinnati in the part of *Elsie*, to our great satisfaction. Mr. Max L. Lane, a new comer here, trained in Leipzig and Munich, sang the tenor part of Prince Henry. He has a pure, sweet voice, and a fine method, but lacks the power for anything but light lyric work. The contralto and bass parts were taken by Miss Bella Fink and Mr. Edward Niere-decken, two local amateurs, whose work was entirely creditable. Altogether, the concert was a marked success, and shows that there is vigorous life in the old society.

J. C. F.

MUSIC ABROAD.

LEEDS FESTIVAL. The correspondent of the *London Musical World*, in a letter dated Oct. 11, (two days before the festival began) gives the following outline of the week's programme:

During the four days' proceedings no fewer than seven compositions by native authors will be performed, the majority of them works of high pretensions. Taking the seven in order, we have, first, a cantata by Mr. John Francis Barnett, founded upon Longfellow's poem, "The Building of the Ship," the actual words of which constitute its text. This is set down for performance on Wednesday evening, under the composer's own direction, and will be followed at the same concert by Mr. Henry Leslie's part-song, "The Lullaby of Life." Mr. Walter Macfarren's overture, *Hero and Leander*, a work not unknown to London amateurs, holds a conspicuous place in Thursday morning's programme, having as its companion Sir Sterndale Bennett's favorite pastoral, *The May Queen*. The most captious will decline to dispute the propriety of choosing Bennett's cantata, the claims of which rest rather upon intrinsic and unchallengeable merit than upon the fact that our late regretted master was a Yorkshireman, and composed *The May Queen* for the Leeds Festival of 1858. It would perhaps be resented in some quarters if I were to claim as an English oratorio *Samson*, written by the naturalized Englishman, George Frederick Handel, and set down for performances on Thursday evening. Passing this by, I find in the selection for Friday morning a new musical sacred drama, *The Martyr of Antioch*, the music composed by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who has, also, with the help of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, adapted the words from Dean Milman's poem of the same name. It is so long since Mr. Sullivan produced a work of this character, that considerable interest is naturally felt in the present effort, the fate of which, however, I am not disposed to assume. Enough that *The Martyr of Antioch* contains a good deal of bright, picturesque, and effective music, and such music as ought to meet with instant favor on Friday. The other English pieces are a new overture, entitled *Mors Janua Vitæ*, by Mr. Thomas Wingham, and a part-song, "The Better Land," in which the Leeds chorus-master (Mr. Broughton) displays his skill as a writer for the voices he so well knows how to train. Turning from these native productions to the representation of universal art, I find Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Mozart's Symphony in G-minor, Weber's overture to *Oberon*, Mendelssohn's psalm, "When Israel out of Egypt came," Beethoven's Choral Symphony and Mass in C, Schubert's "Song of Miriam," Cheru-

bini's overture to *Anacreon*, Bach's cantata, *O Light Everlasting*, Raff's Symphony, *Leonore*, Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and the first two parts of Haydn's *Creation*.

The soloists in *Elijah*, with which the festival opened on Wednesday morning, Oct. 13, were Mmes. Albani, Osgood, Patey and Trebelli, Mr. Maas and Mr. F. King.—Of Mr. Barnett's new cantata, given in the evening, the same writer says:

Mr. Barnett has preserved the characteristics which distinguish its predecessors. This was to be expected, since, even if the composer had a tendency towards varied style, he would, in all probability, be restrained by the reflection that it is safer to go upon lines already approved by the arbiters of success. *The Ancient Mariner* pleased greatly, and *Paradise and the Peri* was received with applause. Why, then, should Mr. Barnett essay a "new departure," destined most likely to end in the trouble a man often brings upon himself when he opposes his own instincts, and does violence to his nature? Our composer is much too wise for any such course. As he feels and speaks in his first cantata, so he feels and speaks in the third, while in both he is equally honest and equally able. We recognize at once the familiar features. The hand may be the hand of Coleridge, or Moore, or Longfellow, but the voice is the voice of John Francis Barnett, and a gratified public welcome its pleasing accents. What if the utterances of the voice do not startle or puzzle? The vast majority of us do not want to be startled or puzzled. Things with this tendency are met plentifully in the matter-of-fact world, and ordinary folk have no desire to run up against them when seduced by music into a world which is ideal. Besides, how pleasant it is in this time of universal distortion to meet with a composer not ashamed of his own honest face! Composers there are, it is true, who, by long and rapt contemplation of a great master, have been gradually "changed into the same image," and Mr. Barnett may have looked to some such effect upon the beautiful face of Mendelssohn. But in these cases there is no pretence. The expression of the idol becomes the expression of the worshipper by force of a natural and irresistible law. In no such category can we place the musical jugglers who go about wearing the masks of better men than themselves, and who are ready to throw down one counterfeit presentment, and take up another, whenever it seems likely that the change will attract the public to their show.

It is scarcely needful to go through *The Building of the Ship* number by number, nor would the result of such endeavor reward its toil. Enough if I touch upon some salient points, leaving the rest to be taken for granted—a course, by the way, that involves little risk when the work concerned is one of Mr. Barnett's, since he is always safe. Our composer uses to a moderate and, therefore, endurable extent, the often exaggerated device of representative themes, and one of these appears in the orchestral introduction, which has three movements, illustrating, first, sunrise on the seashore; second, the aspirations of the Youth to the hand of the Master's daughter; third, the scene of activity in the Shipyard. Its principal feature is a broad and fluent melody suggesting the "aspirations," and destined to prelude an air sung by the "Youth":

"Ah! how skilful grows the hand,
That obeyeth Love's command!"

Mr. Barnett should be complimented upon the discernment here shown. He could not have done better than connect the principal subject of his introduction with the governing thought of the poem—Love inspires and rewards Labor. That the piece is well written goes without saying, for Mr. Barnett is everywhere known as a deft handler of the orchestra. Another representative theme appears in the opening recitative of the Merchant, "Build me straight, O worthy Master!" and several times re-appears when reference is made to the ship. Following this are two or three numbers about which it is difficult to speak, for the reason that, while free from anything objectionable, they are devoid of character. Mr. Barnett, however, should not be blamed for this, the fault lying with words which, to the musician, are colorless and insignificant. A much better result is attained when the love element comes to the front. This lights up charmingly some portions of the Master's address to the Youth, wherein he promises his daughter's hand on the day of the launching of the ship; it gives beauty and interest to the music descriptive of the Maiden's appearance as she stands at her father's door, and makes instinct with true feeling the song of the happy lover, "Ah! how skilful grows the hand." The song is an exceedingly graceful composition, and will no doubt, become a favorite. From this point the interest of the music continues some time unabated. A long chorus, "Thus with the rising of the sun," describing the life and bustle of the shipyard, though by no means elaborate in structure, is recommended by well-sustained vigor and effective climax; while the admirable contrast of the Master's cottage in the peaceful evening time, as the lovers sit in the porch, and the old man tells them tales of the sea, loses nothing by association with Mr. Barnett's sympathetic and unaffected music. The duet for soprano and tenor, in which the home picture appears, ranks among the best things in the work, being none the less entitled to its place on account of an *obbligato* for Corno Inglese, which is an independent source of melodic charm. Another vigorous and extended Shipyard chorus, introducing the Ship Theme, further exemplifies Mr. Barnett's method of producing effect by simple means; after which comes a largely

developed scene for soprano, "To-day the vessel shall be launched." Upon this, Mr. Barnett appears to have lavished all his care, with considerable success. It is not his fault that the nature of the subject prevents him from appealing to our deepest emotions, and we may fairly wonder that so much has been done with a hard and dry material. The description of the wedding on the deck of the as yet unlaunched ship brings in a more serious element, and the composer seizes upon it to introduce a quasi-religious chorus, "The prayer is said," with organ accompaniment, followed by a solo for the Pastor, having a tuneful theme, presently combined with the chorus and afterwards made prominent in the finale. The actual launch of the ship is happily illustrated, and achieves so conspicuous a musical success that it cannot fail to call up hopes of Mr. Barnett one day devoting his talents to a strictly dramatic subject. Those who know the finale of *The Ancient Mariner* will have no difficulty in believing that the finale of the new cantata is an elaborate and studied climax. The composer tells us that it illustrates "the scene of a multitude witnessing a vessel leaving the shore." This explains the opening orchestral passages imitative of the sailor's cry, after which the burden of the pastor's song is taken in full choral harmony, and worked out with ever increasing effect to the end.

I have no doubt as to the popularity of Mr. Barnett's cantata. It contains all the elements of a success, to be determined by the general voice, and deserves consideration for the reason that it supplies the public with music in which there is nothing open to objection from the most fastidious critic.

BERLIN. At the Royal Opera-house Herr Niemann selected Spontini's *Ferdinand Cortez* for his first appearance this season. The theatre was crowded and Herr Niemann's reception enthusiastic. Gluck's *Iphigenie in Tauris*, after a long absence from the boards, was performed on the Empress's birthday. Mme. Mallinger, though suffering from indisposition, gave a fine rendering of the principal female character, especially in the second and the third act.—Franz von Suppé's *Donna Juanita* has been produced at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theatre, but has failed to achieve the success which attended his former works, *Boccaccio* and *Faust*.—A new concert-hall, the Winter Garden, as it is called, of the Central Hotel, has been opened. For size and magnificence there is no other concert-room here that can be compared with it.—Herr Bitter, Minister of Finance, author of the well-known work on Johann Sebastian Bach, and a great musical amateur, was married recently to Mlle. Clara Nerenz, daughter of the late Professor Nerenz. The formal betrothal took place only five days before the marriage. As the interval fixed by law had not elapsed after the betrothal, the Emperor granted a special dispensation. The bridegroom is sixty-seven; the bride, thirty-seven.—On the 1st inst. Herr Bilse, the Hof-Musikdirector, celebrated his fiftieth professional anniversary.

OBERRAMERGAU. Following the system hitherto adopted in Munich, King Ludwig ordered that the last performance of the *Passion Play* should take place with himself as sole auditor.

PESTH. The Hungarian Chamber has voted the suppression of the Government grant to the German Theatre. The Emperor of Austria being dissatisfied at this, has ordered the subject again to be considered, and that German artists reduced to want by the vote of the Chamber shall receive assistance from his private purse.

MEININGEN. At the Seventh and Non-Subscription Concert, to follow the series of Beethoven Subscription Concerts, under the direction of Herr Hans von Bülow, at the Ducal Theatre, in November and December, the Ninth Symphony with Chorus will be performed twice, an interval of fifteen minutes for refreshment being allowed between the two performances!

VIENNA. There is now to be a "Weber Cylus" at the Imperial Opera, including *Preciosa*, in which most of the characters are to be sustained by members of the Burgtheater company. *Euryanthe* will open the Cylus at the end of the present month. Baron Dingelstedt has resigned his post as manager.—The concerts of the *Gesellschaftsconcerte* commence on the 14th November. The 12th April is fixed for the Extraordinary Concert. Mme. Norman-Néruda plays at the first; Herr Auer, from St. Petersburg, at the third; and Mr. Charles Hallé at the fourth; *The Creation* being reserved for the second. Franz Liszt will again be invited to take part in the "Extraordinary Concert," on April 12, 1881.—Herr Johann Strauss has achieved a decided success with his new buffo opera, *Das Spitzentuch der Königin*, at the Theater an der Wien. Book and music pleased much, and the critics, headed by Dr. Ed. Hanslick, all speak favorably of this latest production from the master's pen. The music, a great deal of which is in "dance form," is light, pleasing, and melodious. On the first night five pieces were encored.—Herr Bachrich, tenor, and Herr Hummer, violoncello, both masters at the Conservatory, have succeeded from Hellmesberger's Quartet, and been replaced by Herren Loh and Sulzer, members of the orchestra at the Imperial Opera-house. The Quartet Evenings of Herren Radnicky, Siebert, Stecher, and Kretschmann, will be continued this winter, and will take place at the Bösendorf Rooms.—Mr. George Grove was here a short time since on matters connected with Schubert.

—By his new engagement as *Capellmeister* at the Imperial Opera-house, Hans Richter is granted two months additional leave of absence in order that he may conduct his concerts in London. The months selected are May and June, the Italian season here. Herr Jahn, *Capellmeister* at Wiesbaden, succeeds Baron Dingelstedt as artistic manager. A new ballet, *Der Stock im Eisen*, has proved a hit. It has a great advantage in being founded on a legend connected with a famous wooden block—at the corner of the Kärnthnerstrasse—in which now, as for ages, every wandering *Bursche* who passes through the Austrian capital drives a nail. The custom is somehow or other connected with the adventures of a smith's apprentice, who, after making a compact with the Prince of Darkness, on the usual condition, of course, for the Prince's aid in producing a master-piece, eventually ignores the bargain, gives his demoniacal acquaintance a sound thrashing, and leads home his bride, the reward of the master-piece aforesaid, in triumph. Composer, scene-painter, costumer, and carpenter have done wonders in aiding the ballet master, and the public are in ecstasies. A true "*Wiener Kind*" loves a good ballet.

LONDON. The removal of the Sacred Harmonic Society from Exeter Hall to St. James's Hall has involved a re-arrangement of their orchestra; but though reduced in numbers, the committee believe that this will be more than compensated by the new conditions under which the society will now be carried on. The prospectus for the forty-ninth season, 1880-81, announces nine concerts, commencing on December 3, with a programme of three works which have not been performed for some years, viz.: Beethoven's *Mass in C*, and Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion* and *Christus*. The Christmas performance of *The Messiah* will take place on December 17. Among the works to be performed during the season will be found Handel's coronation anthem, "The King shall rejoice," and oratorio, *Samson*; Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, *Hymn of Praise*, and *Elijah*; Cherubini's *Requiem*; Benedict's *St. Cecilia*; Costa's *Naaman*; and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and *Moses in Egypt*. The band will still comprise the most eminent performers in the musical profession. The artists already announced are Mmes. Sherrington, Anna Williams, Osgood, Marriott, C. Penna, Enequist, and Jones (sopranos); Mmes. Patey, Enriquez, Hancock, and Orridge (contraltos); Messrs Vernon Rigby, Edward Lloyd, Maas, Wells, and Cummings (tenors); Messrs Santley, Bridson, King, Hilton, and C. Henry (basses). Mr. Willing continues his post as organist, and Sir Michael Costa, whose great abilities have for the past thirty-three years been exerted on behalf of the society, will still fulfil the important duties of conductor.

Herr Brahms has just completed a new, his third, orchestral symphony, which, considering that about half a dozen serial orchestral concerts are to be given in London during the winter and spring, it is hoped we shall soon hear in London. He has also, during his holidays, written an overture (one account says two overtures) and a pianoforte trio, which Mr. Arthur Chappell will doubtless secure.

ROME. One of the most impertinent feats of the irascible composer, Wagner, is reported from Rome. On the occasion of the Palestrina festival, the committee sent invitations to the most eminent musicians to send in some suitable compositions. Gounod, Verdi, Ambroise Thomas and others cheerfully promised to do homage to the "Prince of Music;" but Wagner could not do a graceful action: he sent a copy of the greatest of Palestrina's works, the world-famed "Missa Papae Marcelli," to the festival committee. In this copy he had erased all the original annotations relating to time, pianos, crescendos and fortes, and corrected them by his own interpretation of the venerable work. The insult flung in the face of the festival committee will be properly appreciated when it is remembered that this music has been sung in Rome for three hundred years.

PARIS. The chief novelties announced by M. Colonne at the Paris Châtelet concerts are a "Suite Algérienne," by M. Saint-Saëns, a violin concerto by Lalo, a piano concerto by M. Godard, and M. Duvernoy's cantata, "La Tempête." The concerts begin Oct. 24. M. Paderlap announces a series of historical concerts of works by French composers, from Lully to the present time, and works new to Paris by the Russian composers, Glinka, Dargomizsky, Rubinstein, Seroff, Tschaiowsky, and Rimsky-Korsakoff, and by the Italian writers, Verdi, Boito, and Ponchielli. M. Paderlap also proposes another attempt to popularize the works of the German school in Paris, and to produce compositions by Wagner, Brahms, Raff, and Goldmark.

LEIPZIG. The Gewandhaus concerts began on the 7th, with a performance of Bach's Suite in D for string quartet and wind, and Goldmark's Violin Concerto, played by Lauterbach, of Dresden.

